Now afore God, this reuerend holy *Frier*,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurse, will you goe with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurse, goe with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
'Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Goe thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to deck vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward Girle is so reclaim'd.
Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet *and* Nurse.
Iu. I'those attyres are best, but gentle *Nurse*
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many Orisons,
To moue the Heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of sinne.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the *Nurse* this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
Exeunt.

Iu.

Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should shee doe here?
My dismall Sceane I needs must act alone.
Come Viall, what if this mixture doe not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the *Frier*?
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonourd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still beene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be stiffled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
Where bloody *Tibalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrowd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, spirits resort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them runne mad.
Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
(Inuironed with all these hidious feares)
And madly play with my forefathers ioynes?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3736) Octavo